

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1915

Mount Carroll, Illinois

Concerning Mills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.

The Frances Shimer Record

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The Second Semester

The attention of friends is called to the beginning courses offered in the Second Semester, which opens February 1, 1916. There are about twenty such courses, scattered through many departments and including, among others, Zoölogy, English, Organic Chemistry, History of Art, Biblical History, Commercial Law for pupils in Stenography, Trigonometry, Psychology, Modern History. On request of the Department of Education, Washington, D.C., certain experiments with the new Simplex Motion Picture Machine recently purchased are to be tried, in order to test the question whether impressions made by moving pictures are more or less lasting than impressions made by the usual classroom instruction.

Where Queen Cook Reigns

BY ANNIE MARION MACLEAN

The cook reigns of course and always has reigned wherever there is food to be cooked and a hungry horde to eat it. Since the day that fire was struck from the friction of sticks, efforts have been made to make food more palatable by cookery, and it has not always been the queens of the

earth who did it. Sometimes the mere kings took a hand, and do today, especially when much good coin is paid out for the undertaking. But on the whole, women have done most of the baking and brewing, not because they liked it particularly, but chiefly because it was hurled bodily into what is supposed to be their sphere by the bigger bipeds, who, with few exceptions, never took kindly to the frying-pan and skillet.

But this is not a tale of Queen Bridget nor of her queen mistress, at least not the Bridget and mistress of the past, but perhaps of the future. It is rather a story of something comparatively new in the cooking line—of girls being trained outside the home, not to put two and two together to make four, though they do that incidentally, but how to put flour and water and a few other things together to make bread. Women have cooked for centuries, it is true, just as they have nursed, but it is only in recent years that they have been taught how to do either scientifically. Perhaps the old way is just as good; perhaps it is better; but that is neither here nor there, for the new is with us. Cooking has always been an art—a lost art with too many, it is true—but now it bids fair to become a science, and it has all come about within a generation, and most of it within the last dozen years. All kinds of girls are now brandishing egg-beaters and rolling-pins—not in their mother's kitchens, as of yore, but in well-equipped laboratories in universities, colleges, and special institutions; in Y.W.C.A. night classes, in fashionable boarding schools, as well as in the public schools. Girls who are ambitious to teach, and those who expect to turn the instruction to practical account in their own homes; girls who don't know an onion from a potato in the raw state, and who would swoon at the mention of proteids and carbohydrates; and girls from homes whose pantries are perpetually in the state of Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, are all taking to the mixing-bowl with avidity. Is it then just a popular fad, or is it a needed revolution? We must admit that much housekeeping in the past was done by main strength and stupidity, and if the present trend will only substitute labor-saving devices for the main strength, and rational knowledge for the stupidity, the world will surely be the gainer. Perhaps it may mean a solution of the domestic-service problem. When Janet comes home with a diploma certifying that she is mistress of the art and science of cookery there will not be the usual cataclysm in the household when Hulda departs on the wings of the morning. This in itself would make some homes more like heaven than they are today. But the certificate ought to help out in other homes, much more numerous, where there are no Huldas, and never have been, and in still others, away on farms, for instance, where the beckoning hand of mother has not been able to

halt a Hulda, even with wages burning a hole in father's pockets. The movement for instruction in domestic science is widespread, and, like many other movements in the United States that have gripped the popular mind, it has made spectacular strides. Now practically every school of any kind open to girls and women offers such courses. Even the great coeducational universities offer this instruction though usually tucked away in some side show such as a teacher's college or school of agriculture, all of which goes to show that the practical issues of life have gained a foothold—even though a precarious one—in the scholastic world.

It has so long been the fashion to regard as educational only those subjects that have been dead a thousand years that it is quite exhilarating to see one that has been living more than that length of time marching straight into lecture-rooms. Of course some of the standpatters dropped dead when they saw the change coming, while some of the survivors contracted locomotor ataxia, and their motions can no longer be depended upon, but the live members on college faculties are gaining in strength yearly. Naturally, dead men prefer dead issues, while live men must always vote for live ones.

But no controversy rages over the introduction of housekeeping courses in other than institutions of so-called higher learning. It is most commendable, agree even the bald-headed conservatives, as they sample toothsome delicacies prepared by bright-eyed maidens who are not seeking college credits.

To the thousands of young women pursuing housekeeping lore the economic lure is probably the strongest, and in proportion to the social demand for such training has the work become popular. Several million young women in the country need to earn their own livelihood, and they will always tend to select the studies that will lead to the accomplishment of this practical purpose. There will always be some to whom a father's fond pat on the head will be sufficient reward for labor, but the great majority of young women learn to bake and brew for other and more urgent reasons.

Probably the only person to whom this enveloping cloud of queenly cooks and cooking queens seems a tragedy is the jokesmith, who is now bereft of facts for his age-old jokes on brides. The modern bride of any station can look him in the eye while he softly repeats, "The pen is mightier than the sword," and make him believe that the rolling-pin is mightier than either. It is a well-known fact that it has settled more disputes, and the young cook knows that this would be just as true even though it were restricted to its legitimate uses.

It is no insignificant task properly to feed and clothe a family, though for generations—nay, aeons—it has been jauntily assumed by women who knew nothing of the difference in nutritive value between a doughnut and a beefsteak, and would smilingly accept a dill pickle as a substitute for either. But this type of girl—praise God!—is going the way of the hoopskirt and Grecian bend, and in her place appears one who asks intelligent questions about food values and insists upon an adequate number of calories in her diet. And her influence is being felt all along the line. The questions raised are interesting ones, too. How to get the most nutritive value from steak at thirty-five cents a pound is a much more vital problem than how to keep or get a duty on hides. Yet a few fat men near the White House would have us believe that the sole use of steak is to keep them in fit condition to argue about hides, but we know very well that the world would still wag on if all the wise tariff talkers succumbed to starvation today; while if the cooking sorority went on strike Time would be exchanged for Eternity, which is only another way of saying that women are handling the real business of life, and we should be glad to see that they are introducing scientific management into it, and are promoting it with zeal.

Down in the Black Belt, where Tuskegee sheds her light, young colored girls are trained to do scientifically everything that needs to be done about a house, and there is a great demand for their services; while up in the intellectual atmosphere of Boston young women, many of them college graduates, are taught the same arts at Simmons College. In commercial New York, where Wall Street makes a business of home-wrecking, Teachers' College and Pratt Institute are training students to make homes happy by giving due care to the material side, without which—exit the little god. In Philadelphia where brotherly love is rampant, Drexel Institute gathers and trains hundreds of young women to go forth over the land practicing the art of good living at low cost, and the high thinking that inevitably follows. Out in Chicago, where the Beef Trust hides its head, the University's School of Education has the temerity to train an endless chain of young women in making "substitute-for-meat" dishes, destined to make the poor man's home happy and the packer heavy of heart. In Iowa, where the corn grows higher than a man's head, there is a great institution at Ames where hundreds of farmers' daughters are taught each year to make corn fritters and more substantial things. The farmers are proud of this department of the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and vote large sums of money for its maintenance.

And so throughout the country does Domestic Science, herald of a new day, lift its head and proclaim that the prosaic things of life are worthy of our most profound attention.

Most women, as most men, are destined to live on small incomes, so it behooves the bread-maker as well as the breadwinner to contribute efficiency to the firm, and there is no way in which she can do this better than by becoming an expert in household science, a calling quite as dignified as, and perhaps of greater social service than, some others that sound more important. And everyone can do this, because at every corner, figuratively speaking, a girl may step in and take a lesson on food and its uses. When she and all her kind have learned their lesson well enough, the stomach specialist who is a medical doctor will be out of a job, and a new type of stomach specialist who is a cook will reign in his stead.

Christmas at Minnewawa

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH SUTTER

Christmas at Minnewawa always began the morning of Christmas Eve, when Lois and I, buttoned snugly into winter coats, with fur caps tied over our ears, went with Daddy for the Christmas tree. It was quite a trip in cold weather, across the bayou and up a little branch, to the place where fragrant cedars spread alluring, Christmas-treelike branches in every direction. Here casino trees peeped red-and-white among Spanish daggers, and palmettos tangled the way for little feet that were half iceberg, half frozen shoe.

We always got our trees on the edge of a deep hole in the ground that had been made by the treasure-hunters. Oh, yes! our town has a mystery, a dark and bloody mystery of Blackbeard and his pirate band, sailing up Bayou Portage with all a Spanish cruiser's wealth and burying it there. And it seemed to us that the trees, as if inspired by the secret, had grown more beautiful, more luxuriant, and more fragrant on the brink of that pit where men had once sought for Blackbeard's buried hoard.

With a last longing glance at the hole, we moved slowly to the skiff, great bunches of Spanish moss and palmettos in our arms. Wrapped in the gray moss we sat and suffered in silence on the long way back. What cared Lois and I for cold and hunger? We had seen Blackbeard's hole once more and were in the same skiff with a tree from the same ground that famous gentleman had once walked on. The association was vague but we enjoyed it.

Mother and the baby were at the window when we drove in at the front gate of Minnewawa, and in a few minutes, our pony stabled, and the oars locked in the toolhouse, we carried our precious tree into the kitchen, where we toasted our feet by the fire and our "tummies" with piping hot bowls of "gumbo."

Then the thrills of decorating our mystic tree with glittering pink and red balls, great ropes of tinsel, and bits of cotton for the snow which never came to our southland home. We placed our gifts on the trembling cedar branches and nervously tiptoed away to let Mother and Daddy put the last touches and the gifts for us upon it.

Evening came and with it bread and milk in our bedroom, where Lois and I, curled up on the bed, were daydreaming of the time when I in white satin and an electric would roll down the street past my small sister who, in a farm wagon, would be selling chickens or else would be on the way home with a fat purse and a bound copy of St. Nicholas. Her horses were always white and fat and her bound copies of St. Nicholas *always* had the same stories in them.

Mother, very aggravatingly calm it seemed to us, washed and combed us and slipped a very silent shamefaced me into a white silk dress with a great rent in the front. It was a punishment, that dress on Christmas Eve. Only the week before I had torn it. I had seen the calf lying in peaceful slumber by the railfence. I had always longed to ride that calf, and the fact that I had my best dress on did not matter to me in the least. Very cautiously I crept along the fence, dropped, and the next thing I knew was that the mad racing of the calf had ceased and I was sitting in a dewberry patch, with my white silk, my only silk, in tatters. Mother did not say a word, but mended it; and now on Christmas Eve I must wear that shameful reminder of my cowgirl day.

A cold chill chased itself down my back as we slipped down the long dark hall. Mother, who had gone on ahead, called back: "You-all may come now," and we crept to the corner of the parlor and peered round the corner of the pillar at the tree. It had not moved, but myriad candles shone on its graceful branches and a doll, not corn-cob, but *real*, smiled graciously at a handsome Teddy bear, who, in haughty pose, was seated on a bank of moss. An exhilarating thrill held us for a moment and then—the beauty was in my arms and Lois and the Teddy bear were on Daddy's knee. Mother, all smiles, stood in the doorway and watched us.

"Why, Momee, you haven't any Christmas gift!" cried Lois.

I looked at her hard. Sure enough, she hadn't. Blinking hard and trying to keep great tears back, I walked up to her.

"Here, Momee, you can have my doll," I said, choking a little bit and thrusting it into her arms.

It seemed dreadful to me, but she choked, too, and in an instant I found that I, dress and all, was in her arms and Lady Beautiful was in mine.

"Frances Elizabeth," she said, and it scared me, for she always called me Frances E., "Momee is too old for dolls, but she thanks you just the same. Now, come honey, and see the rest of your gifts and then—it's Book-night, you know."

We never called Christmas Eve by its right name—it was always Book-night to us, for then, at seven, we climbed into bed with Christmas books and read till nine. This time my book was *David Copperfield*, and I gazed at it in silent rapture. Mother had not forgotten her promise to give it to me on my tenth Christmas! So, Lady Beautiful forgotten, I sped to the bedroom, leaving Lois and her "Little Red Hen" story to come when they pleased.

My International School Days

A Day in Switzerland

BY CELESTINE DAHMEN

There is snow on the ground today and all the air is tingling with the message, "Christmas is coming, be joyful, be joyful!" Inside, it is warm and cozy, and as I sit here by the window my thoughts are all of Christmases, the one which is coming so very soon—yes, and also those of the past. So come with me, dear reader, on that promised Christmas visit to Schatzi, amidst the mountains of Switzerland. Shut your eyes while I count, "One, two, three." There! Ah! Gone is Frances Shimer School, and room and campus, and we are in a fairyland of scenery such as Nature has made only once or twice during her most glorious moods! Before us lies Lake Geneva with the early morning sun sparkling on its waves; directly in front, on the opposite shore, is a series of great, dark mountains which seem to drop sheer into the water; a little to the left, and contrasting in snowy whiteness, stands that famous peak called "The Tooth of the South"; on around the bend of the lake come more mountains; then the flat delta of the Rhone River; then the romantic castle of Chillon, standing out in the water with more mountains as a background; and then the town of Montreux, where we are, and so on to the right, with mountains, and towns, and castles the whole length of the lake. And here in these beautiful surroundings we

find our little friend, Schatzi, again, five years older than when we last saw her, but as lively as ever.

It is the day before Christmas and the dear little Swiss house, "La Printanière," is all atremble with excitement, from its round tower and its carved wooden balconies, down to its basement kitchen, where Mme Giroud, the good French cook, is concocting wonderful dishes for the evening dinner. Miss Sanders, who rings the breakfast bell, has not long to wait this morning for sleepy girls, for her sixteen young charges fairly race down the stairs, and with faces all smiles and laughter file before her for the morning kiss. After prayers comes the breakfast of "café au lait" and huge slices of Swiss bread, fresh every day, and spread with rich, creamy, Swiss butter.

After breakfast, there is a bundling into coats and caps and gloves, and then off go the sixteen, with Mademoiselle and Miss Sanders, on the yearly trip to the gardens of the old "Printanière," in search of Christmas greens. The old "Printanière," a beautiful estate, situated on the mountainside near the Castle of Chillon, was once the property of Mademoiselle's father, but it is now owned by a wealthy count, a relative of Napoleon the Great, who, having retained the same traditional servants who were there in Mademoiselle's time, leaves the place entirely in their charge and visits it only once in a long, long while, when his travels and the gaieties of his many other homes have tired him out for the time being. And to this lovely place, where Mademoiselle's pupils come every year, always on the morning before Christmas, we shall follow them today and help them gather their holly, mistletoe, and evergreen boughs, in joyous preparation for the great event.

Out of the gate comes the troop and there is a wild rush up the street to hail the funny little honking tram, scarcely larger than a toy wagon, nevertheless built with a small second story on top, which is always crowded to the tipping-over point. The old motorman smiles when he sees the familiar band, and stops dead still with the resigned air of one who expects to remain stationary thus for at least the next fifteen minutes. For wasn't that generally the case at this particular corner? Didn't he have to wait and wait and wait, while always still one girl after another came tearing up and Miss Sanders would count noses again and again and at last *one* more was always sure to be missing, until she had been sent for four or five times? But on this especial morning the good, patient, old motorman received a joyous surprise, for even little Schatzi is only a very few minutes late, and "Honk! Honk!" goes the little tram on through the gay narrow streets of Montreux and out along the edge of the lake until at last the stopping-place is reached, and out piles the

merry gang and runs up to ring the bell at the great iron gate of the estate.

Old André, the gardener, comes limping out and after him Cécile and Louise, and there is a joyous exchange of greetings all the way up the path to the door of the wonderful big house. There the party divides, each to do what she chooses. Some prefer to wander through the big halls and rooms and to explore the Count's domains and also—it must be confessed—to examine his private belongings. Others like to sit with Mademoiselle and the old servants and hear wonderful stories of days gone by, and the latest gossip of the Count's family. Still others again spend the time roaming about the beautiful gardens and the woods, behind which a cataract dashes down from the mountain above. At last, Miss Sanders calls them all together and each one takes up her share of the Christmas greens, already arranged in neat piles by the faithful André, and back they go to "La Printanière," with spirits gayer than ever and hearty appetites for the noon meal.

After lunch there is a great bustling secrecy of preparation. Mademoiselle and Miss Sanders shut the doors of the schoolroom, where stands the Christmas tree, and the only idea anyone has of what is going on inside is gained from an occasional hasty glimpse when either of the two "lady Santa Clauses" passes in and out with a pile of mysterious packages. But Mademoiselle and Miss Sanders are not the only ones acting Santa Claus. No. On this happy, happy day everyone wants to please everyone else and so they in turn are shut out of the dining-room where their sixteen merry pupils are holding sway, and—not without the usual million daily squabbles, due to their differences in nationality and in temperament—they are trying to decorate the room in a way most likely to please the two dear "Bibis."

Suddenly "Jing-a-ling!" goes the doorbell and at once eighteen heads appear from all directions.

"Is it the postman?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"And oh! look at the packages!"

"Nini, there is one for you, I can see the Bulgarian postmark!"

"And that big fat one is from Germany."

"And see! there are some from England and America! Oh! Oh! I wish Miss Sanders wouldn't take them away so quickly."

Back to work they all go and so the afternoon proceeds with happy labor and always the same exciting recess every time the doorbell rings. There is no tea today because of the big Christmas dinner at seven o'clock. At last both festive rooms are in readiness, the menu cards

(prepared in humorous fashion by a chosen committee of the girls) are in place, and the last mysterious package has passed the forbidden doors of the schoolroom.

"And now everybody get dressed!" calls Miss Sanders.

The clock is striking seven, so come, reader, and let us be silently present at this joyful dinner. Tell me truthfully, dear reader, did you ever see a jollier, happier party than these here assembled, all dressed up in their best bibs and tuckers? English, American, Swiss, Polish, German, and Bulgarian—all forget for the moment their national divisions, and forget also to sigh vainly for their homes so far away. They are happy because they are all held by one bond of love and goodwill, and the key to this bond Mademoiselle and Miss Sanders guard in safekeeping. My! such a dinner! It wasn't for a trifle that Mme Giroud's little kitchen has been in such a whirl! During the dessert, toasts and songs go the rounds and then at last there is silence and all eyes are turned expectantly toward the schoolroom.

Slowly the big doors swing open and fairyland itself stands revealed! Right in the middle of the room and rising to the ceiling is a magnificent Swiss mountain evergreen tree—all ablaze with lights from its crown down to the floor! Dear reader, you know how beautiful that sight is! Also you know the happy hour that follows when the table-on table-on table-loads of packages are being unwrapped! At last, when everybody's present has been examined by everybody else, all join hands and dance around the tree, singing old Christmas songs in French and German and English—and all oh! so very happy! When it becomes late and the candles on the tree have burned down, then Mademoiselle and Miss Sanders march their young darlings off to bed and tuck them in their big feather beds with a loving goodnight kiss!

Now, reader, again say good-bye to Schatzi, and if you are still interested in her travels, come with me once more next February.

[To be continued]

A French View of St. Peter's

Apropos of the beautiful picture of St. Peter's Cathedral presented to the School by last year's College class, it is interesting to come across the following from Lamartine. It is a record of the effect on an unusually impressionable young Frenchman of his first visit to Rome.

St. Peter's is the expression of an idea, of a faith, of the entire civilization of a period of the world's history. It is not merely an edifice for a people; it is a temple for all the thought, all the prayers, all the aspirations, all the long-

ings of man. Its walls arise in grandeur not material but divine. Of architects, Michael Angelo alone comprehended catholicism, and he has given it its most sublime and complete expression. St. Peter's is a veritable apotheosis in stone, the marble embodiment of the religion of Christ.

The architects of the Gothic cathedrals were sublime barbarians. Michael Angelo's conception alone was that of a philosopher. St. Peter's is the Christian philosophy from which the divine architect has dispelled the shadows, and has introduced space, beauty, symmetry, light in inexhaustible floods. The incomparable beauty of St. Peter's is a tabernacle which veils the idea of God in all its splendor.

Even should Christianity perish, yet St. Peter's would remain the universal, eternal temple of whatever religion should succeed the faith of Christ, proof that that religion was worthy of humanity and of God. It is the most spiritual temple that ever the genius of man, inspired by a divine idea, has erected here below. When one enters he knows not if he be in a temple ancient or modern, no detail dazzles the eyes; no symbol distracts the mind; men of all faith enter with the same respect. One feels that in this temple dwells no other than the thought of God, that all other thoughts would be too insignificant to fill its spaces.

Change the priest, remove the altar, pull down the pictures, take away the statues; you alter nothing! It is always the house of God.

Mogollon

BY HAZEL COFFEY

Far up in the high snow-covered mountains of southwestern New Mexico lies the little town with the Spanish name of Mogollon. Many beliefs are held as to the meaning of this name. Some think that it was taken from the surname of Juan Flores Mogollon, who governed wisely and justly a large part of the Southwest many years ago when the pioneers were still pushing their way westward and when the country was covered with bands of Indian tribes. Others hold that the name means "mistletoe" because throughout the mountains around this town mistletoe may be found in great quantities.

This little town, nearly a hundred miles from a railroad, is the place for a dreamer. It is surrounded by mines and mills, which daily reveal the earth's treasures of gold and silver, but this does not affect its peacefulness nor change the dreamy atmosphere which hangs over it.

On all sides rise high hills and beyond them ridge after ridge of snow-clad mountains loom up in the distance. Deep canyons wind in about these mountains and in the summer, as if there must be something to disturb the quietness of the place, the melting snows with the heavy

torrents of rain rush through these canyons carrying with them earth and trees, gigantic boulders, and, oftentimes, cattle and horses, which have been left to graze upon the hills.

On one side of this town a hill rises hundreds of feet into the air; in the winter the wind whistles through the snow-laden firs on its slopes, while at all times the rocking pines murmur and moan as if trying to tell a sad story or reveal some dark secret which has long remained unknown. On the other side another mountain, void of vegetation except for a few grasses and cactus plants, towers above the town. To the east are more mountains and winding canyons, while to the west lies a hill covered with jagged rocks and huge boulders which are colored only by the rays of the setting sun as it sinks to rest behind them.

One time that the town is really very lively is on the twentieth of each month which is pay day, when the men in the mines are paid off. The miners come in from their claims to purchase new supplies of provisions, powder, ammunition, and other necessities. All the working-men from all the mines for miles around come in to spend their time and their money in a night of carousing. The town is filled with all sorts of people of all sorts of nationalities; Americans, English, Germans, Swedes, Italians, Mexicans, Indians, negroes, and Chinese all meet together in a boisterous, jubilant, uproarious, disorderly crowd to celebrate their monthly pay day.

How the Elephant Got His Tusks

BY LOUISE FEATHERSTONE

In the jungle of Africa there was once an elephant, walking among the trees with his head bandaged with a palm leaf. Elephants then had no long tusks but they had two short teeth in their mouths. This elephant had a throbbing toothache in both of his teeth and when we first saw him he was on his way to the office of the jungle dentist, who was a very wise old bear.

"How do you do," said the bear when he saw the elephant before him. The elephant explained about his teeth and the dentist shook his head wisely. "They will have to come out," said he.

So the patient seated himself on the ground and waited. The bear soon brought two of the patient's brothers to assist him. He then tied a cord to each of the two teeth of the elephant and gave the ends to the two brothers to pull. They pulled and pulled and pulled but the teeth remained in the elephant's head. The brothers at last gave a mighty

jerk and succeeded in pulling the teeth half way out, but pull as they might they could not remove them, for elephants have unusually long roots to their teeth.

The elephant walked to the edge of a lake and looked in. What he saw astounded him so that he forgot all about his toothache. He saw two long tusks protruding out of his mouth and ever after that all elephants have had long tusks.

Thanksgiving at Frances Shimer

BY VIVIAN SHUMWAY

Thanksgiving Morning! It was the first Thanksgiving you had spent away from Father and Mother and as you started down to breakfast you wished that you were far away from Frances Shimer.

Once in the dining-room, the atmosphere of suppressed excitement grew and grew until you could almost believe that the cereal was the turkey which Nellie was preparing for dinner.

"Never mind, rooms aren't inspected today. Come over to the gym and get a good seat for the basket-ball game."

The Maroons lined up on one side with their dustpans, whistles, and musical clocks. The Golds who were directly opposite, tried valiantly to make as much noise as their enemies. The Maroons had a reputation to maintain and fought for it bravely, but the score for the Golds crept up little by little until the Maroon supporters looked at each other in speechless astonishment. 19-16 in favor of the Gold!

You were much happier when you went over to Chapel and the music and the talk by the Dean gave you a truly "thankful" feeling. You didn't realize how hungry you were until, with all your classmates, you entered the dining-room.

The fairies had surely been at work here. Could this be the same room in which you had breakfasted? You had never realized how large your class was until in the glimmering candlelight, you recognized all the members gathered about the long table. The realization was far better than all your anticipations. The supply of turkey, dressing, mince pie, and other delicious "eats" seemed inexhaustible. "A health to all those that we love" began a series of toasts—to the Dean, Mrs. Patton, your Counselor, and your Class President. Your good-will even extended to Towser. As you rose to sing the Frances Shimer Song, you *knew* the true school spirit.

Not one minute too long for the "home folks," for in College Hall the Freshmen College Girls were to give the picturesque Japanese play,

A Flower of Yeddo. For nearly an hour you watched noble Kami resist temptations to prove false to fair Sainari.

It wasn't long until you were again in College Hall and this time you were to take an active part in the entertainment. You caught the odor of incense and fleeting glimpses of bowers of cherry blossoms, as, eager to move forward, you hummed the air of the grand march. The "Freshman Special" began with a graceful dance by four noblemen of old Japan who were surrounded by admiring Japanese maidens. The cozy little tea-room formed a fitting contrast to the gay dance. You sat at a tiny table in a secluded corner and sipped the tea served to you by the solicitous attendant. Even though you were very tired, "Home Sweet Home" came much too soon and you looked wistfully back toward the ballroom.

As your lights went out you gave a deep sigh of satisfaction and secretly vowed to cherish forever the memories of this Thanksgiving Day.

The Thanksgiving Address by the Dean

Our way of keeping this day is defective in this: we are absorbed in efforts to gratify ourselves as a School. We are generous to each other today; but we so crowd the day with efforts to amuse and please ourselves that there is scarcely time left even to write a letter home.

The church service at 10:30 this morning at least offered an opportunity to give money to aid those less favored.

The word "gratitude" amounts to little unless it expresses itself in a costly way. The mere feeling of thankfulness has no value unless it leads to action, and it has greatest value when it leads us to perform deeds of kindness with no hope of return. I raise the question for consideration in the future. Ought we not hereafter to include in the program of the day gifts of some kind to those less favored than ourselves: gifts to people who are in real need and who cannot be expected to give us anything in return?

Again—may I suggest that there is a sense in which it is proper for us to be grateful that we are away from home? This is not saying that there is anything wrong with our homes—far from it. It is saying that, other things equal, it is a sign of progress when a girl gets away from home and is able to stay. There are many girls who simply have not the courage to leave home. For some of you the act of leaving home was the most difficult thing you ever did. But doing that thing may be the making of you. You have to decide things for yourselves. You will

make many mistakes, but they will be your mistakes and you will realize them and seek to correct them. The only way to learn to do things is to do them, not to allow parents and brothers and sisters to do them for you. This step then, out from under the parental roof, is an adventure! You have accepted some responsibility for yourself. You find your courage increasing, your ability to think and decide for yourself increasing. You are selecting your own companions, doing your own work, taking your own punishment for your own misdemeanors.

That is learning to live. And the strongest and most useful people are those who, early in life thrown on their own resources, learn to think and decide for themselves. These decisions you make will often be wrong, will often lead you into trouble, will not be as good or as safe decisions as your parents would have made for you. But in suffering from the ill results of your own decisions you are learning the most valuable lesson young people can ever learn, and you are getting a strength and self-confidence which children never get whose parents are always with them to make decisions for them.

Some of you may fail and will have to go back home and give up the struggle. The great majority of you will succeed and will be stronger and better people than you ever could have been, if you had always remained at home.

Again, some of you are in a position today to give thanks that you have learned to enjoy work. There are two kinds of pupils in every school and in most classes: those who do just as little real work as possible, and those who do more than is required or expected. Some of you look upon study as a thing exacted by a teacher; others look on it as an opportunity for self-development. The one drops her book when the bell rings, no matter how great the need; the other lingers at her task careless of bells and time, hungry for knowledge, ambitious for perfection. The first will complain, when she goes away to college and finds the work hard, that she was not compelled to study harder here. The other grows by what she feeds on and finds herself ready for exacting tasks and high responsibilities. She has learned how to enjoy work. Work is the greatest source of happiness and growth that the world possesses.

What about Thanksgiving and the War? How can we give thanks when three-fourths of Europe and even Africa and parts of Asia are at war? It is unworthy of a proud and rich people to say that while the war goes on we can get the South American trade which Europe used to have, or that we can make big profits by selling munitions. However keenly we may feel that it is our privilege, even our duty, to help the

Allies in this way, it is an unworthy thing to make the war a matter of satisfaction to us because it makes some lines of business good. If it were a matter of profits alone, every right-minded man would say, "let the war stop *instantly*."

There is a better side of it. Wherever our sympathies may be, we must admire the devotion of these people to an idea; call it patriotism.

There is no denying the fact that a great deal of Europe had become luxurious and effeminate. People by thousands were living in idleness on invested property. Much of the living bordered on the selfish if not on the coarse and vulgar. Certainly numbers of people had ceased to be producers: they gave themselves to play, and to display, sometimes arrogant.

What has happened? Every able-bodied man in France is now at the call of the nation. Instead of a bed of down and a round of pleasure the rich with the poor are in the trenches or standing guard or running motor conveyances or casting up accounts or caring for wounded or doing other disagreeable tasks. Perhaps the actual fighting is the least wearisome of it all. But there these men are, counting not their lives dear unto themselves; business neglected, taxes increased, homes broken up, absolutely everything at the call of the state. What are they saying? Very little, except by their deeds. In them they are telling stories of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of endurance, and of brilliant aggressive endeavor which make us proud that we belong to the same race they do.

And the women? They were not all saints before the war; a fair share of them were lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God. They too were self-indulgent, extravagant, more or less indifferent to the suffering of others. But now? Even the worst are employed making bandages and clothing for the wounded, and others are doing the work of men. Women of wealth and culture side by side with the lowly are devoting property, body, spirit to an idea—*Patriotism*.

I select the French because there the whole nation is at war and because the French have been reputed to be a pleasure-loving people. The same general truth holds with all the warring peoples.

Now just what is the truth? It is this—war *means self-sacrifice*. Too many have a notion that the great thing is to make life pleasant. That indeed is a great thing. But if it is not noble it does not matter whether it is pleasant or not, says Edward S. Martin, editor of *Life*, and he continues "Whether there are more people in the world or less: whether they are fat or lean: whether there are automobiles or oxen: makes no *vital* difference, but whether men shall be willing to die for

what they believe in makes all the difference between a pigsty and Paradise. Not by bread alone shall men live."

Perhaps we attach too much importance to life and too little to the quality of it. Who is there here who does not need to take a lesson from the heroism and devotion of these Europeans? And while we deplore the war we may thank God today that men and women are proving again that heroism and unselfish devotion are not dead.

Some of the Thanksgiving Toasts

Freshman Academy

Mrs. McKee, Mrs. McKee
Our counselor dear is she.
Mrs. McKee, Mrs. McKee
Always for us she is busy as can be.
Mrs. McKee, Mrs. McKee
'Tis you we all love, don't you see?
So drink this, drink this, to Mrs. McKee.

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all;
Here's to the sweetest,
Here's to the neatest,
Here's to Miss Lilly,
The head of our Hall.

We are, yes, we are
Only Freshmen we,
But just you wait till 1919
Then see what we'll be.

Sophomore Academy

To Miss Bragg

May you know health and happy days
Throughout the year that's dawning,
And walk in ever pleasant ways
Till next Thanksgiving morning.

Zap a rah! Zip a ree!
You'll all agree
Strange things have been done before.
But the strangest of all
They did it this fall,
Junior and Sophomore.
Perhaps the combination
Filled you with consternation,

But you could plainly see
That well did we agree,
And every Sophomore lass
Thinks a heap of the Junior class.
Juniors! Juniors!

Junior Class

Tune: "Fair Harvard"

Here's a health to Miss Brown, our counselor dear,
For whenever we need her
We find she is near.
When our poor brains are taxed
And we're at our wit's end
She steps in, and her ideas
To us does she lend.

Tune: "Turkey in the Straw"

Oh, those Sophomore girls,
Though they're not our sister class,
Yet you must acknowledge
That each one's a jolly lass.
With Miss Bragg at their head
They can make their business fly
And a chance to help the Juniors
Will they never pass by.
Oh, we surely thank you, Sophomores,
And if e'er we have a chance,
We'll repay you for your kindness
And your helping with our dance.

Senior Class

To Our Counselor

Tune: "When I Discovered You"

The Freshmen discovered the *wife* of the Dean,
The Sophomores discovered Miss Bragg,
The Juniors discovered Miss Eleanor Brown,
Miss Pierson counselor is of College '16.
We thought and we thought of who ours would be,
As they all are so good, you see,
But the best of discoveries discovered by anyone
Is our Miss Morrison.

Here's to the teacher we never can faze
Mrs. Patton has no one above her
When we are bad, how we hide from her gaze,
But when we are good how we love her.

To our school, let us always be loyal,
 To our class and the friends we have gained,
 Let us keep up the F.S.S. spirit
 With sincerity deep and unfeigned.
 We have stood by each other like comrades
 And now that our battle's near won
 Let us treasure the thoughts of our classmates,
 Of our school and our years of good fun.

Freshman College

To Miss Brown

As we all are gathered here, on this joyful, joyful day,
 'Tis to you, our counselor dear, that a toast we wish to say.
 Our love, our pride, our friendship true,
 We most gladly give to you.
 But this one question, answer pray,
 "Why are your thoughts so oft astray?"

To the Mautes

One for the money, two for the show,
 Three to get ready, and four to go.
 Where, oh where? Oh yes, I know;
 To the Frances Shimer picture show.
 What shall we see there?
 Oh, can't you guess?
 Why, beautiful scenery, and breakfast food, yes!

To Towser

Old Towser is our F.S.S. pet,
 No one would lose him on a bet.
 Though his tail and his ears are covered with burrs,
 Which call forth occasional slanders and slurs,
 Though every time at the whistle's blow,
 His baritone howl is far from low,
 Still we love, we love, old Towser so.
 And what do you 'spose he does all day,
 When the rest of us are at work and at play?
 Why, for rabbits he hunts, and for rabbits he searches,
 In culverts, in holes, at the foot of the birches.
 A cat could beat him in being a mouser,
 But what, oh what, would we do without Towser?

To the Sophomores

We stood in the hall at midnight, in shivering silence awaiting,
 Those of our numbers whom too great a love of their beds was belating,
 A dustpan each held in one hand, a broom tightly clasped in the other,
 And so we stealthily creaked forth, trying hard our giggles to smother.

Straight into the rooms of the Sophomores,
Went the charge of this midnight brigade,
And 'twas a cruel awakening for many, when the Freshmen held their
raid

"Out of your beds, you Sophomores, and into the hall you go,
For we've come to do your bidding, and clean your old rooms, you know."
A meek little bunch of Sophomores, to breakfast came on the morrow,
That Freshmen are not to be ordered,
They've learned very much to their sorrow.

Sophomore College

To Dean McKee

We, the Sophomore College Class of 1916, wish to express our sincere appreciation of what you have done in building up this school, whose advantages we have enjoyed for two years. We wish you health and happiness in your future activities at Frances Shimer.

Early to bed and early to rise
Make 'cademy girls healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Tune: "Mighty Lak a Rose"

Sing praises to Miss Pierson, so loyal and so true,
Ever ready to help us in whatsoe'er we do,
Sympathetic and helpful, understanding us all,
Here's health and wealth to her, the true friend of us all.
She's interested so keenly in everything we do,
She keeps us all a smiling e'en when we're feeling blue;
When we all feel so discouraged, she brightens us with cheer—
She's the joy of all us Sophomores, her friendship is so dear.

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket"

How dear to our hearts are the dear little Freshies
Those dear little Freshies, who serve us so well.
They clean up our rooms and they make up our beds,
They're meeker and humbler than words can tell.
They come with a leap and they come with a bound
And stand ever ready at our beck and call,
Those dear, willing Freshies, those cheerful young Freshies,
Their beaming young faces so light up our hall.

Household Art and Domestic Science Department

For the first semester the Household Art Department offered courses in Sewing and Drafting and General Design. The first included the drafting of patterns, the cutting and fitting of garments; the second included the principles underlying design with special attention to the

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problems of the household. In addition to the regular classwork the girls planned and made a luncheon set for the Y.W.C.A. bazaar.

For the next semester courses will be given in Academy Sewing, College Dressmaking and Costume Design, and the Teaching of Household Art and Home Economics. The problems embodied in costume design and dressmaking are of three kinds: first, the study of design or the appreciation of art principles as embodied in the human figure and costume materials; secondly, the historic development of costume as influenced by ideals of beauty, by the dominant idea in society, and by industrial conditions. Thirdly, the technique or the adequate expression of the inventive use of art principles. It includes drafting, cutting, fitting, and decorative handwork.

The work in the course designed for those who expect to teach will include the planning of courses of study for different types of schools, lesson plans, and observation and teaching in the Academy household art classes.

*Candy—Popcorn Balls—Taffy Apples! !
Butter Scotch and Chocolate Pies! !
Burnt Sugar and Chocolate Cake! !*

Science Hall, 3:30

COME!!

Saturday

Did you like our sales? If so, perhaps you would like to hear more about them and what we intend to do with the proceeds.

Our dining-room, a large and barren-looking room with unfinished walls, contains a table, four chairs, and a built-in sideboard. The House Decoration class looked the room over and decided that the lines were good but that it needed a finish for the walls, curtains at the windows, a bit of linen on the table, and a piece of good pottery. The next question to be settled was not the most important but very essential. Where was the money to come from? Someone suggested a sale, someone made the candy, someone sold it, and *we* made six dollars. From this small beginning we finally made thirty-five dollars—not a very large sum but enough to make a more attractive dining-room.

Our plans for the room have been drawn and painted; a dull blue tint on the walls, hangings with conventional blue and green flowers on a yellow background, and soft cream-colored curtains. Our dishes have a small conventional border of green and yellow—colors we tried to bring out in the curtains and combine with the blue walls. A piece of blue Rookwood and a dull linen cover on the table will add the final touch to our room. We cannot get a rug; we leave that for the members of the class next year and suggest that they do not use an oriental but an American-made rug. It will look better with the structural lines of our Craftsman furniture and the mission-colored woodwork. We have not done much but we hope that you will like the result.

Vesper Services

October 17.—Miss Lila Brown read selections from *King Arthur*.

October 24.—The Y.W.C.A. had charge of vespers and Winifred Inglis read "The Vision of Anton."

October 31.—Miss Morrison gave an illustrated talk on parts of England and Scotland.

November 7.—Mrs. Patton entertained the girls by an hour of story-telling.

November 14.—Dean McKee discussed questions asked by various members of the School.

November 24.—Miss Monks read the story of Lohengrin, and sang a selection from the opera. She played the "Bridal Chorus," and after this she played Lohengrin's vision on the victrola.

November 25.—Dean McKee spoke on "How to Enjoy Life." Miss Fargo sang.

Chapel Exercises

On October 20, the Dean spoke on the Baptist State Convention which he attended. The convention was held at Aurora, Illinois, and Mr. Bunston was the chairman. Among the many interesting speeches made were: A speech on temperance, one on the Baptist doctrine, a speech by Attorney Parker who claimed that education was sometimes harmful, an address by Dean Mathews, others by Rev. Thomas Moody, and several women, and, finally, a colored preacher made a request for money to help build a church at Batavia, Illinois. It was suggested that he stand at the door and let those who wished drop their contribution into his hat. The poor man was much worried about how he would manage to watch all of the exits, but we do hope he received a goodly sum toward the desired amount. The Dean's account was most amusing and interesting.

The chapel exercise on the first Friday in October was devoted to a vocal duet by Miss Fargo and Miss Monks, entitled "Peace to This Sacred Dwelling."

During the month of November the Dean has given us two or three very interesting talks on "Study." He has read us extracts from various sources, all of which have been most beneficial in aiding one's study, in that they tell us the best places and best manner in which to go about it. We shall all be brilliant students if we follow even partially the method of study given us by the Dean. May Frances Shimer turn out a most brilliant group of girls at the end of the year!

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In the middle of October, Helene Bowersox spoke on Shakespeare. She gave a brief sketch of his life and many of his writings, and then told at length how, by music, Shakespearean plays, etc., Shakespeare's birthday is to be celebrated in the coming year. The account was both instructive and interesting.

The piano solo, "Erotik," by Greig, given by Hazel Coffey, the third Friday of November, was appreciated by everyone.

During the past month the Dean has told us the stories of some of the great operas and has played selections from them on the victrola. One morning it was *Il Trovatore*; the selection played was "Le Misérère." Another time he outlined the opera *Samson and Delilah*, and played the love scene.

On November 12, Miss Eleanor Brown played on the victrola the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* overture, by Mendelssohn. The record was presented by the English VI class.

On November 19, Lola Plumley sang "Dream of Paradise," by Gray.

On November 26, Ruth Shannon read "The Soul of the Violin."

On December 3, Naomi Rentfro played "Whims," by Schumann.

Y.W.C.A. Notes

The Y.W.C.A. Friday evening meetings have had unusual interest. The following are the subjects and leaders for October and November:

October 15.—Leader: Lois Waite. Subject: "Seek Beauty."

October 22.—Campfire meeting. Leader: Miss Spohn. Subject: "The Campfire Organization."

October 29.—Leader: Ruby Warner. Subject: "Social Service."

November 5.—Leader: Miss Sellers. Subject: "How to Keep Well."

November 19.—Leader: Marguerite Kinnick. Subject: "Thankfulness."

November 26.—Leader: Marie Comstock. Subject: "Summer Camps."

The annual bazaar of the Association was held in Hathaway gymnasium Saturday evening, December 4. As in former years the booths were in charge of the various classes, all of whom worked hard to make the bazaar, as it was, one of the best the Association has given. In response to a letter announcing the plans, many old girls sent gifts, along with their best wishes for the success of the work. The Association extends thanks to the faculty, pupils, former Association members, to the mothers, and to all whose assistance and co-operation helped to make the bazaar a success. The receipts amounted to almost one hundred and twenty-five dollars, which will be used in the charitable work of the Association.

As the *Record* goes to press the Cabinet is busy planning for the annual Christmas party to be given the last Monday afternoon before vacation, and for the Christmas Vesper Service, on Sunday evening, December 12, of which the Association is in charge.

Class Notes

Sophomore College

The Sophomore College class had a tea on November 16, at which the members formally put on their class pins. The pin, a gold F.S. monogram set with two pearls, was adopted by last year's class with the hope that the succeeding classes would use the same design; and to that end the '15 class president at Commencement time publicly presented the '16 class president with one. The pin is a beautiful one and will undoubtedly be worn by coming classes as it is by this year's class.

Senior Academy

Senior Picnic

Though November they say is dull and gray
To a picnic the Seniors went one day,
And each, as she cooked her steak o'er the fire,
Said: "Of picnics like this I never will tire."
Fun aplenty and a glorious time—
Yes, they can be had in a wintry clime.

Wilma Prange has presented the Senior corridor of Hathaway Hall with a victrola which we all enjoy during free periods.

The Senior class was "at home" Saturday evening, November 27, in Hathaway parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Miles and Rev. George C. Fetter were the guests of honor. Much enjoyment was had in popping corn, chatting, and listening to the victrola.

Junior and Sophomore Academy

It is an unusual thing for the Junior and Sophomore classes to combine their class activities, but they have done so this year and both have enjoyed it thoroughly. They worked hard to give their guests at the Hallowe'en Prom a good time.

No one knows where the idea originated, but a vote of thanks is due the clever person who thought up the novel entertainment for All Saint's Eve. First a band of merry, laughing maskers met at seven o'clock in Metcalf Hall. There they were met by an able and efficient witch who led them back and forth across the campus, up dark stairways, through shivery, shadowy attics, down dark stairways, through gloomy, sepulchral basements, scared by ghosts and startled by phantoms until they finally reached College Hall. They were then conducted to the ballroom where seventeen white, spooky ghosts, of the species "Ban-shiee" danced in weird, mystic motion around their liege lady, the witch. A crash in the music stopped them, and a green-clad figure of Joy took

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the floor and danced to dispel the clouds of gloom until all was joyous and gay once more. A little later seventeen Sophomores and Juniors looking extraordinarily unlike spooks arrived in party frocks. The ghosts were gone; who knows where?

The Juniors with the help of the Sophomores had charge of the cap and apron booth in the Y.W.C.A. bazaar. They also showed "The International Wax-works."

Saturday evening, November 27, the Juniors had a spread, after which dance programs were given out. The victrola had been secured for the evening and with it the time passed unusually quickly.

Freshman Academy

The Freshman Academy class has organized a "Camp fire." We have named the camp "Waukarusa," after the little stream along which all Frances Shimer girls have such good times.

Early in October the officers of the class gave a picnic at Point Rock for the class.

The Freshmen had the handkerchief booth at the bazaar on December 4. The class extends thanks to all who made contributions to the booth.

Five states are represented in the class, including New Mexico, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

Events

"Thais"

An interpretative recital of the opera *Thais* was given at Frances Shimer School, Friday evening, November 12, under the auspices of the Alumnae Association. The hall was filled to its fullest capacity, some of the auditors coming from neighboring towns to take advantage of this rare treat. Mme Sibyl Sammis MacDermid, dramatic soprano, needed no introduction to the audience. She is an especial favorite, having appeared at the school on several previous occasions. She sang several arias of the character *Thais* with intelligence and artistic interpretation. Aletta Waterbury-Goss, dramatic reader, gave an interesting reading of the libretto. Her voice is very pleasing, and her interpretation was so real that it almost made one think that she was really witnessing the scene. Mrs. Jessie Devore, violinist, played the very popular "Meditation" with good tone and execution. She also played an obligato to the song "Bathe Thy Hands and Lips." Mrs. Charles Orchard, at the piano, gave able support to the artists in her artistic accompaniments.

November 20, 1915, Eight O'clock

It was the night of the opening of the Diversion Club season by the Sophomores! The chapel was well filled with expectant Frances Shimer girls and interested Mount Carroll people. The first number on the program read, "Ten—Twenty—Five." What could it mean? It

sounded like a dare or an arithmetic example, but when the curtains parted we saw before us—chapel, any morning. The members of the faculty came in and took their places, but this "morning" was a greater treat than usual. The "Dean" gave an instructive talk on how to study; "Miss Monks" made an announcement, "Miss Lila Brown" gave a heart-touching reading, "The Star," and "Miss Eleanor Brown" played on the victrola the well-known (?) selection "Beets and Turnips," which had been presented to the School by the English I class.

Needless to say, we all enjoyed chapel thoroughly, and we don't know yet "how they ever did it."

The next number was a monologue, "Ten Minutes in a Trolley Car," given by Julia Cargill. It was well done and very realistic; we could almost see the horrified expression on Margaret's face when her mother remarked about the ungentlemanliness of the gentlemen passengers on the trolley car.

The third and last number was a farce in one act, *The Minister's Wife*. The scene is laid in the Katakorn's Seminary and deals with the mishaps which befall the girls who try to entertain the minister's wife, thinking she is a boy from the school near by. However, the principal and the minister's wife forgive the culprits and all ends happily. The farce was cleverly presented and was indeed a credit to the members of the cast.

The opening of the Diversion Club season was in every way a success, and we can heartily congratulate the College Sophomores on their skill as faculty and as actresses.

The Simplex Motion Picture Machine

The earnings of that very useful organization of the student body, the Diversion Club, are devoted this year to the purchase of a moving-picture machine which was used for the first time on October 30. Only three evenings have been given up so far to the enjoyment of the films but others are in store. The *Last Days of Pompeii* films were shown November 6, and on January 15 we are to have *Julius Caesar*. Later on films from the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, D.C., are to be shown, illustrating the processes in great industries.

The College Hall Prom

Half-past ten in College Hall, lights burning, music playing, and dancing! What does it all mean? Simply this, that on Saturday evening after Thanksgiving, the College girls had a Prom all of their very own, and yet more wonderful, they had *Men*! All day long you could hear whispers of "What did your telegram say?" Is He really coming?" And "Have you seen Him?" At eight o'clock all had assembled in the rose-shaded ballroom, and the long-talked-of Prom began. Towser played his part by bringing in a missive from the envious outsiders. In the intermission from the strains of "Oh, Those Days" and "Floating Down the Old Green River," delicious pineapple sherbet was served. As it grew later, there were frequent glances toward the clock and whispers of "Only ten minutes more—make the

dances shorter." In an unbelievably short time, the hands of the clock pointed to the ominous "fifteen minutes until eleven," and the wonderful prom had come to a close.

Exchanges

Western Oxford.—We enjoy your interesting paper, and hope that it will continue to be one of our exchanges. The article "In the Beginning" is very realistic and entertaining.

Ogoutz Mosaic.—Your articles are good but too much space is given to alumni notes.

The Tradesman.—You have an enthusiastic periodical. The arrangement of your material is unusual.

The Young Eagle.—We are glad to receive your issue. Your story "The Maiden's Scarf" is good.

The Recorder.—Your number is breezy and enthusiastic.

The Picayune and College Breezes.—Would not more stories help your paper?

College Greetings.—We are glad to receive your paper. We confess to some curiosity about the "Little Brown Book" mentioned in your editorial.

The Phraetra.—We welcome your paper. The articles, "Tamlane," "A Masque," and "Graven Fancies" are good.

Others received are the *Wabash College Record*, *Maroon and White*, *William Woods College Record*, *Picket*, and *Midway*.

The Scattered Family

If you are a graduate of either Seminary, Academy, or College, you are invited to join the Alumnae Association. Adding 50 cents with a note stating your desire to join, when sending your subscription to the *Record*, makes you a member. The Association was organized in June, 1915, and up to December 9 has 83 members enrolled, of whom all but 10 have paid their dues for the year.

Mary Brigham, '15, is at home this year in Des Moines, Ia.

Mary Seaman, '14, is taking a kindergarten course in Chicago.

Zella Petty, '09, is principal of the high school at Mt. Carroll, Ill.

Margaret Creager, '12-'14, is studying playground work in Chicago.

Lula Arnold and Ruth Foster, '15, are both spending the year at home.

Miss Florence Bastian, '95, Freeport, Ill., was a visitor at the School in October.

Ethel Ank, College '14, has a position in the First National Bank, Mt. Carroll.

Ruth Hastings, '14, is a Sophomore at Wellesley this year. She lives at Stone Hall.

Emily Maloney, '12, is supervisor of music in the public schools of her home town, Savanna, Ill.

Miss Laura Eaton, College '11, is instructor in the sixth grade of the Mt. Carroll public schools.

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Mrs. Harriet Nase Connell, '89, is the author of several plays that have been staged successfully.

Mrs. Merritt Pinckney's (Mary Van Vechten) present address is 5626 Dorchester Ave., Chicago.

Miss Bowman, instructor in domestic science '11-'13, is associate editor of the *Evanston Daily News*.

Miss Harriet Lee, instructor in English '10-'12, is teaching in the New Trier Township High School, Evanston, Ill.

The present address of Mrs. John McKeon (Anna Tewskbury) is 60 W. Fifty-eighth St., New York City, N.Y.

News of Mrs. F. C. Ellis (Lodema Fitzwater), Boise, Idaho, comes through Mrs. J. F. Swingle, of Manhattan, Kan.

Ellen Melendy, '12, writes of her interest in the new Alumnae organization and thinks it merits the support and interest of all F.S.S. girls.

Many friends will sympathize with Mrs. Mary E. Tapscott Edmonds, '95, in the loss of her husband, who died October 15, 1915, at Bandon, Ore.

The *Peoria* (Ill.) *Journal* of recent date makes most favorable mention of the music pupils of Miss Edna Smith, '98, who appeared in a recital there.

Constance Sargent, '15, sends her membership to the Alumnae Association from her home in Galesburg, Ill., where she is attending Knox College.

May Hammond, '03, and Harriet Hammond, '03, spent several weeks during the summer visiting points of interest in the West, including the Panama Exposition.

Lida Hopps, '12, La Moille, and Ellen Melendy attended the opera recital at the School in November. Miss Hopps has been visiting Miss Melendy at her home.

A letter from Mrs. Dana Wilcox Hazen tells of a recent visit with Mrs. Hazel Cooper Lynch, Miss Delana Bailey, and Miss Lina B. James, of Portland, Ore.

Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer, '71, has recently presented us with two interesting woodcuts showing views of the School buildings and grounds in 1867 and 1877.

Mrs. Judith Weill Lowenthal, '01, recording secretary of the Illinois Suffrage League, was one of the speakers at the state convention, which met in Peoria during October.

Miss Edma Ames, '00, writes of her enjoyment of the climate and scenery of California as well as of her work in the Girls' High School at Riverside, where she is teaching.

A letter from Miss Helena R. Griffis, of Cayey, Porto Rico, tells of a recent visit to the states and of her return to Porto Rico, where she is teaching in the public schools and studying Spanish.

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Julia Browning Hickman, College '14, is teaching at her home, Benton, Ill. She writes of interest in her thirty-five pupils, including several foreign children—French, Polish, and Bohemian.

Miss Ann Grimes, College '12, spent the week-end (October 23) at the School. Miss Grimes is private secretary to Professor L. C. Marshall, dean of the College of Commerce and Administration, at the University of Chicago.

Many are interested in the articles appearing in the *Record* entitled "My International School Days," by Celestine Dahmen, '15. Miss Dahmen is this year completing at Frances Shimer her preparation for Vassar College.

Glee Hastings, who completed her work for admission to Wellesley College at Frances Shimer in 1911-12, has recently been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa society on work done up to end of Junior year. Miss Hastings is a Senior at Wellesley.

Miss Laurel Gillogley, Academy '12, College '14, was admitted with advanced standing to the Junior year in the University of Wisconsin. Because of ill health, Miss Gillogley has had to abandon temporarily her plan of completing her college course.

Miss Zella Catherine Corbett, College Class '10, sends greetings and writes of a busy school year at Downer's Grove, Ill., where she is teaching in the high school. She also speaks of many pleasant week-ends spent in Chicago, visiting the theaters, etc.

Jessie Thomas, College '14-'15, sends greetings from Smith College, Northampton, Mass. Miss Thomas was admitted to the Sophomore class of Smith after a year of College work at Frances Shimer. In writing of her pleasure in the October number of the *Record* she says, "I have never before realized what a wonderful Record "OUR" *Record* is.

The news of the death of Mrs. J. N. Crouse, of Chicago, former president of the Woman's Home Mission Society, on Saturday, November 6, will bring sadness to a multitude of Baptists. The funeral was held Monday of this week at the Immanuel Church, her pastor, Dr. Johnston Meyers, officiating. She was at one time Lady Principal here under Mrs. Shimer's administration.

Mrs. Rena Eckern Melgaard, '00, in writing of a delightful trip of three months through the West, says of the Panama Exposition: "The Exposition from the exhibit viewpoint was perhaps a little disappointing, but as a picture to carry away in memory it leaves nothing to be desired. The color effects were wonderful. I looked for a blaze of color and found the softest pastel picture imaginable."

Jeanne M. Boyd continues her work at the Lyceum Arts Conservatory, Chicago, as instructor in piano, harmony, and counterpoint. In addition Miss Boyd is doing much work in accompanying and composing. Several of her compositions, among them "In Italy" and "Tarantelle," have received most favorable notice, and several artists, among them George Hamlin, the tenor, and Maud Fenlon Bollman and Sibyl Sammis MacDermid, are singing her compositions.

Young and old were interested in the engagement of Miss Mary Emily Merritt and Lawrence Dell Stratton which was announced at an exclusive breakfast Friday. Many were guests also at a beautiful tea given yesterday by Mrs. Charles H. Merritt and her daughter, which was preceded the night before by a large bridge, when Mr. and Mrs. Merritt celebrated their wedding anniversary.

The foregoing appeared in a Duluth, Minn., paper of recent date. Miss Merritt was a member of the Junior College Class '11, and the good wishes of many former Frances Shimer girls go with her.

Among the new members added to the Alumnae Association are: Mrs. Clara White Robinson, Springfield, Ill.; Florence Bastian, '95, Freeport, Ill.; Julia Brittain, College '12, Saugatuck, Mich.; Ruth Hastings, '14, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.; May Hammond, '03, Mt. Carroll; Marian Kinkade, '11, Lanark, Ill.; Bess Beaver Schreiter, Savanna, Ill.; Harriet Hammond, '03, Mt. Carroll; Grace Bawden, '94, Mt. Carroll; Jessie Thomas, '14-'15, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.; Kate Rosenstock Wiler, '92-'94, Mt. Carroll.

Several friends write of the bereavement of Miss Blanche E. Strong and Mrs. Grace Strong Sawyer, Seminary students, in the loss of their mother, a former resident of Mt. Carroll. The following notice appeared in one of the California papers:

Mrs. Strong, mother of Miss Blanche Strong, piano instructor at St. Mary's Hall, died in Pasadena, Cal., on Wednesday, September 27. Mrs. Strong was eighty-seven years old and made Faribault her home during the winter months for the past three years. This year Miss Strong had been granted a year's leave of absence and she accompanied her mother to California to spend the winter. The body was cremated and the ashes were brought to Faribault by Miss Strong. Mrs. Foote of St. Mary's will accompany Miss Strong to Wisconsin, where the remains will be buried.

Saturday, December 4, Mr. John Rinewalt received a telephone call from Governor-elect Samuel McCall in Chicago. He has been on the coast resting from his strenuous campaign, came into Chicago the previous afternoon, and left for Boston that morning. He wanted to pay his respects to the old town, sent his regards to his friends, and his well-wishes to his boyhood school, now the Frances Shimer. Sorry he could not take the time to run out for a day, but promised a visit in the near future. Mr. McCall has pulled Massachusetts back into the Republican column and in a recent number *Collier's* has spoken highly of him as a 1916 Republican candidate for the presidency. Mt. Carroll is always glad of his successes; and he has a warm place in his affections for the home of his boyhood.

Mrs. Judith Weill Lowenthal, Academy '01, has written an interesting letter to the Dean recently. Her activities are many. She is the chairman of the Study Section of the Chicago Political Equality League, 1,500 members; press chairman of the Chicago Political Equality League; recording secretary of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association; public lecturer for the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association; and she has spoken in every large city in Illinois and in other cities throughout the country. She is also chairman of the Third Ward Civic League, which has 2,000 members and holds educational meetings every week in the public schools. Beside having so many public and philanthropic interests, she writes enthusiastically of her home and of a charming little six-and-one-half-year-old daughter.

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MARRIAGES

Miss Geneva M. Eacker, '09, was married on Thursday, November 18, to Mr. Frederick J. Wagner. After a trip to California they will reside at Perry, Iowa.

Miss Dorothy Creager, Chicago, Ill., was married on Wednesday, November 24, to Mr. Fredrick William Banta. After February 1, they will be at home at 723 Main St., Goshen, Ind.

Announcement of the marriage of Miss Julia Howard Turner to Mr. Hiram Thora Anderson, on Monday, November 8, at Fremont, Neb., was recently received. They will be at home at Fremont, Neb., after December 1.

"Miss Mabel Dee Felkner, '11-'12, daughter of Mrs. Sarah Downing Felkner, of Waterloo, Ia., was united in marriage to Mr. William Benjamin Smalling on Thanksgiving Day at one o'clock at the home of the bride's cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Shull. Rev. James E. Freeman, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, officiated in the presence of about twenty relatives and friends. Mr. Smalling and his bride have gone on a trip to Kansas City and southern points, and will be at home after January 15, at Curtis Court." The above appeared in the Waterloo, Ia., paper.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter von Hof (Ruhamah Mitchell, '14) announce the birth of a daughter, at Des Moines, Ia., October 9, 1915.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Austin (Sarah Mackay, '02) announce the birth of a son, Briggs Mackay, on October 18, 1915, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hollied (Gertrude Van Avery) announce the birth of a daughter, Jeanne Hollied, December 3, 1915, at Eldora, Ia.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Hartman announce the arrival of a daughter, Dorothy Marie, in their home at Lyons, Ia., October 12, 1915. Mrs. Hartman was formerly instructor in violin at Frances Shimer.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Since the October *Record* went to press the following subscriptions have been received: Miss Annie Hurley, Mt. Carroll; Mr. I. M. Heckler, Lincoln, Neb.; Mr. H. H. McKee, Bertha Corbett, Rose Demmon, May Coleman Colehour, Clara T. Miles (Mrs. A. J.), Dell Halderman, Emma P. Cormany (Mrs. J. W.), Florence Englebrecht, Susan H. Mackay (Mrs. Henry), Hazel Mackey, Grace Coleman, Mary Mackay, Rhett Tomlinson, Mr. S. J. Campbell, Lula Arnold Miles (Mrs. J. S.), Laura Coleman, Grace R. Squires (Mrs. J. W.), Grace Oberheim, May Hammond, Harriet Hammond, Grace Bawden, Ruth Foster, Jessie Campbell, all of Mt. Carroll; Hortense Mandl, University of Chicago, Chicago; Mrs. Bessie Beaver Schreiter, Savanna, Ill.; Lillian Hoderman, Paxton, Ill.; Elda Platt, Cedar Falls, Ia.; Mrs. Rena Eckern Melgaard, Thief River Falls, Minn.; Mrs. Clara White Robinson, Springfield, Ill.; Dorothy Miles, Beloit, Wis.; Hazel Coffey, Ella Derbyshire, Geraldine White, Grace Oelschlaeger, Hazel Pooley, Elizabeth Schuster, Lila Brown, Mrs. M. L. Patton, Mildred Smith, Elsie

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Morrison, Gladys Auman, Mildred Britton, Thelma Coffey, Eunice Garrison, Ruth Hildebrandt, Grizelle Hill, Genevieve Jeffrey, Mildred Johnson, Marie Jolley, Eloise Judson, Marguerite Kinnick, Sarah Leland, Lois Linebarger, Wilhelmina McClanahan, Eunice Shannon, Ruth Shannon, Dorothy Fargo, Gretchen Smith, Frances Sutter, Ethel Swanson, Jane von Hof, Virginia Walleck, Frances Wilkinson, Frances Shimer School; Ruth Levy, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. Charles A. Martin, Broken Bow, Neb.; Dorothy Heinsman, Valparaiso, Ind.; Mary Brigham, Des Moines, Ia.; Ellen Melendy, Thompson, Ill.; Mrs. Bessie Dodson Wolf, Plainfield, Ill.; Mrs. Merrit W. Pinckney, Chicago; Esther M. French, Hawarden, Ia.; Mrs. W. F. Brewer, Bozeman, Mont.; Constance Sargent, Galesburg, Ill.; Jessie Thomas, Northampton, Mass.; Edna A. Howard, Cleveland, Ohio; Pauline Hayward Kreuter (Mrs. Joseph), Los Angeles, Cal.; H. May Cole, McDonald, Kan.; Winifred Holmes, Mineral Point, Wis.; Mary Lois Travers, Fairview, Ill.; Mrs. Jessie M. Strickler, Waynesboro, Pa.; Arlene Hausen, Ft. Atkinson, Wis.; Ethel McDonald, Milwaukee-Downer College; Anna Tewksbury McKeon, New York City; Mrs. Flora Dennison Dinehart, Slayton, Minn.; Cora Scott, Hawarden, Ia.; Zella Corbett, Downer's Grove, Ill.; Mrs. Stella Waite Hoover, Superior, Wis.; Aubrey Milton, Florence, Ariz.; Catherine Morrasy, Sheffield, Ill.; Madeleine Sloane, Keithsburg, Ill.; Ethel Ank, Mt. Carroll; Marion Flint, Dickens, Ia.; Delana Bailey, Portland, Ore.; Mrs. Ruth Deets Miller, Effie Shaw, Mt. Carroll.

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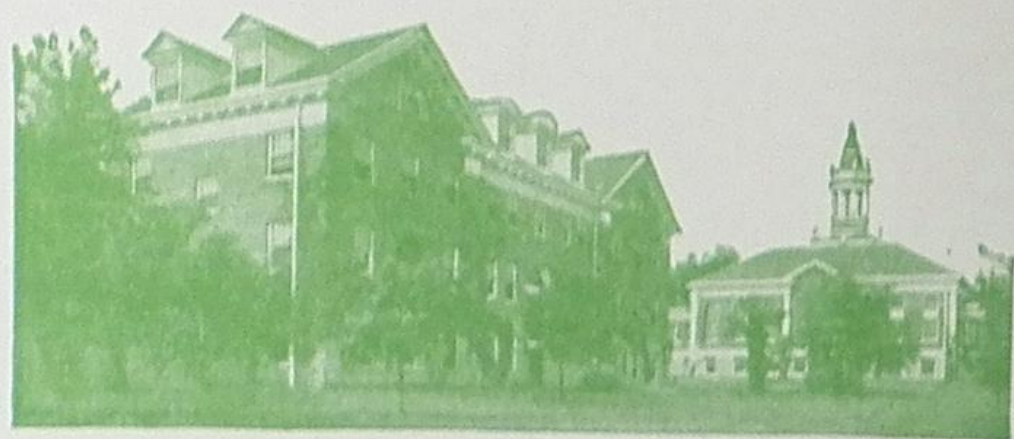
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